

The Montauk Indians.

The solemn decision of Justice Blackmar that the Montauk Indians are extinct betokens at least a "fossilized mind." A half hour in the neighborhood of Lincoln place and Eighth avenue, almost any Saturday night, would convince the justice of his error, and bring the blush of detected inaccuracy to his judicial cheek.

It is true enough that a hostile Sagamore of Sagamore Hill has lately caught Montauk Tim napping at his campfire, has stripped off his protective vests, has tied him to an aged sycamore tree, has riddled his symbolical figure with arrows and has striven in vain to bring from Tim's heroic lips any expression of pain or even of discontent. But one swallow does not make a summer for any Sagamore, and he laughs best that laughs last.

West of the East River the Montauks have extended their alliances with the Gas House Algonquins; the East Side Comanches, the West Harlem Iroquois, the Delawares of Yorkville and the various other tribes that acknowledge the hegemony of old Chief Tammany. Between this old chief and the Montauk warrior who stands for his nation in the federation, the relations are somewhat strained at times, never too cordial, but when a clash arises Chief Gaynor's control of the sources of wampum makes the Montauks sure of having their way.

Extinct? Pshaw! The Montauk Indians were never so powerful as now. Justice Blackmar knows that, if he only thinks.

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